

Fluorescent Mammals

Here I am, a child of the '80s
just biding *One Day at a Time*,
waiting for Schneider,
my building's hapless super,
to show up sheepishly
wielding the ultimate boon:
one bulb of black light.

If I've got to die soon, I wanna
bear the Hedonists out.
Take me &
submerge me—
tawny pelted & supremely
average— under blacklight
where I guarantee I'll colorize,
tie dye, & astound.

Elysian fields gotta bloom
somewhere. Why not at home?
Except to say that
humans made Elysium up,
sending our measly derricks
plumb down—
& springhares invented this:
secret libraries erected
in open air, paper-marbled
volumes spiraled sky high
from ground to
whiskered cornice.

My life had stood a pastoral
poem green & pristine.
Undiscovered glens
waiting for a hippie
with a tab to find them
or a medicine woman
with mortar & pestle
to grind them.

Meanwhile, springhares wear
Jupiter's clouds as hidden
skin & platypuses
have settled in, gliding past
permission & pictures.

They're out here living—
dancing to music subdermal,
platypussing through
midnight water,
emerging beaded in
flamboyant kit.

River-glittered Janus,
she knows it's last call,
boogies on her plot,
bucks up her bill,
& shoots her shot.
I want to go
with her.

I want to go.
To a place where what
swirls beneath
our surface
is only:

B E T T E R

Signifying
nothing other than fuck it—
let's be beautiful in this tangle
of roots together.

In darkness, I watch
her bright body streak,
course, & dart.

Her expression flickers.
I'm a mirror.
What's here is there,
within, without.

Whether we're
colorful ENOUGH
is an absurd question.
Head to toe, we're animals
efflorescent—
body painted in poetry
underneath
selfsame coats.